From the New York Day Book The Olive Branch; or, White Oak Far

This is by far the best novel on Southern society which has yet appeared. We have had several answers to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but the writers have generally considered it necessary to show the evils of Northern society as an offset to the evils alleged against the South. This, however, does not meet the case, and we are glad to find a volume devoted almost wholly to a presentation of the features of Southern society, and one too, that takes such an intellisentation of the features of Southern society, and one, too, that takes such an intelligent view of the proper relations of the black and white races. The author does not whine over "the evils of slavery," as has been the custom too often, but boldly defends Southern Society from the stand-point of right and justice. White Oak Farm is a plantation belonging to Col. Lawrence, who is a model master of his household, and the views given of a well required. and the views given of a well regulated Southern family are graphic and interesting. Without going into a detail of the story, we will only mention, as necessary for our purpose, that Col. Lawrence has a negro named Timothy, or "Tip for short," who became smitten with the charms of "free dom," and ran away. Before Tip got to dom," and ran away. Before Tip got to Ohio, Lowever, he concluded to return. After getting back to White Oak Farm, Col. Lawrence gave him his free papers, and sont him off to Philadelphia. There Tip became the servant of a good Abolition Quaker gentleman, Mr. Sneckman, who tried to instil into Tip's mind the sentiment of equality. The following conversation between Tip and his new master will be interesting:

teresting:

"I do not wish to be in thy way, Timo thy," said Uriab, seating himself on a chair in the kitchen; "but thee has already told me so much about thy people in Virginia that I am curious to know more." "You's not in my way, Mast'r Sneckum."

Tip began, "Timothy, I must interrupt thee in the oulset. I do not wish thee to call me master. Besides, my name is not Sneckum, but Sneckman. My Christian name is Unah, as I have already told thee repeatedly. Thee will oblige by remembering," said Uriah kindly.

"Dat bothers me jes' the wor's kind!"

said Tip. "I always talked to my dear ole Massa Lawrence same as I talks to you, and I can't learn no oder way. And why should I? Isn't Tip your servant, you nor I

barrassed look. "Xcuse me, mast'r. Dar it is again! Well, but I was jes' axio, isn't Tip your

"Yes, Timothy," replied Uriah.
"Den isn't you Tip's mast'r!" inquired

ao man master; for one is your master, even Christ," was Uriah's reply.

"Jes' so, mast'r Sneckum; but doesn't it say, too, "Servants, obey your masters?"

"Truly," replied Uriah.

"Well," resumed Tip, "now massa Urire, de way dey splaned dat to me in de Sunday school was dis." When de Lord says call

"Of coas, Mast'r Sneekum, I doesn't understand any oder way of talkin' 'ceptin what we used to in ole Virginny; but dat's de way dey splained dat tex," said Tip.

"We'l, Timothy, I shall have to let thee take thine own way, I see plainly," said Uriab, smiling.

"I's chligger as thousand times chligged."

"I's chligger as thousand times chligged."

"Tip. would dat answer said to "Nay," replied Uriab, "that does not follow, I think."

"We's all got de same nat'ral rights, mast'r," replied Tip. "So, mast'r Sneekum, you go to de stable and give Tip's hoss a good curryin', now do it right mast'r. Den, if Tim's apple gits an a spreag mast'r Sneekum, if

Uriab, smiling.
"I's obliged—a thousand times obliged

replied Tip.

"And he gave thee thy liberty, Timothy, freely, did he?" said Uriah looking earnestly at Tip.

"Mast'r Sneckum, not only dat; he

"Mast'r Sneckum, not only dat; he wouldn't let me stay at White Oak though I tried hard and begged him to How me to be his servant," replied Tip.
"That is strange. Why then did he not dismiss all thy people with theel" said

"Now, Mast'r Sneckum, de fact' is jes' so;

Tip was cornered; and although he felt as though he was revealing his own disgrace, yet he came up to the ordest with to live, and too lazy to work." And the manliness of truth, and gave his friend wound up with an emphatic "dat's so!" Uriah the story with which the reader is

"There is one favor I would ask of you. Mast'r Sneekum, and dat is to write a letter for me to Colonel Lawrence and tell him dat I'se stayin wid you, and dat I's as hap- to be 'mong my own people. I wants to see py as I expect to be anywhere away from my ole mast'r and Arthur Clarence, and hum, but dat when my time of probation Jeannie, and the rest of em. I wants to

"Thee may change thy mind, Timothy. long before the six months are past," said Uriah. "I believe thee can be as happy here as in Virginia. And yet, I doubt not, the home thee has left was a good one. I should like to see thy master, though he is a military man, I presume, from his title of

"Oh, Mast'r Eneckum," exclaimed Tip, "do see Colonel Lawrence! if he don't treat you well den neber b'heve Tip anoder word says! Why, Massa Urie, it would jist do you good to see the hosses, and cows, and sheep we's got down dar, it would sol I used to help take kar of de hosses with Jim jis kase I liked it; but my place was mo' about de house waitin' on company. But you go dar, and den say when you is my age, what answer shall I give?" "Say, she's Mistis Clarence. Den dar is Mast'r the years of discretion."

Clarence, what married Miss Jennie, and de boys, as we calls 'em, though they's great tall men—Andy and Lauudy; but dey's for all de worl jis like ole Massa Lawrence, 'ceptin' dat dey's full of fun, though de ole genmun has a good bit of dat in him too; but dey's all on 'em jis as kind to de culled folks, as if dey was related to 'em. Fact, dat's so, Master Sneck-

my heart to hear thee say all this; and yet would advise thee to do as the apostle Paul says: 'If thou mayest be free, use it rather.' There are many contingencies that might greatly change the condition of thy friends at White Oak," said Uuriah.

"I don't know nuffin about de 'tingencies, Mast'r Sneckum—neber sud any 'bout

dar and don know what dey is," replied Tip; "but dar's jist one thing I'd like to know bout what the 'postle says: 'If thou mayest be free use it rather.' I knows dat tex; I heard Uncle Basit read it to us 'afore ow. But I wants to know wedder de people de 'postle said dat to was brack or white, Mast'r Sneckum. He says, 'Art thou called, being a servant! care not for it, afore he says de oder bout bein free." "What difference does it make whether

they were black or white, Timothy! The advice is the same," replied Uriah.
"Well, mast'r, I doesn't want to be sumptuous," continued Tip. "You knows mo' about de Bible nor I does, and it may be es' as you say; but 'appears to me a culled pusson, when he is got a good mast'r, is a heap better off dan most of de free culled pussons bout yer. Now, if dey was white, id could jes' stan' on de same footin' ob quality wid deir white bredren and sisture, say too, p'raps you better off to take your freedom when you can git it; or if you's got a hard mast'r, dat's cruel, den I's for freedom agin; but, I tell you de trufe, Mast'r Sneckum, de culled folks is mos' respected and treated mos' gemmen and laies-der's no 'sideration ob deir whar' I cums from dan der is in dis town. Fact! Dat's so! All de time I was at White Oak-and dat's most twenty year-I was neber call bigga; but a white gem-man, dat ort to hab know'd better, called ne nigga."
"He did very wrong, Timothy—very,"

aid Uriah; I am grieved that he did so. "Don't make no difference to the Mast'r Sneckum. I is jes' es de good Lord made me, and I can't be no oder, and I's satisfied to be so. He wouldn't turn me out of heaven kase I'm black, and he won't call me hard names on de great day if I has de blessed Master dat died for us as my Friend;

and dat's some comfort," said Tip.
"Timothy," said Uriah, extending his hand to the negro, whilst the tears stood in his eyes, "I honor thee, I think well of the friend whose servant thou hast been, and I will do as thou hast requested. He shall hear from me, and I will tell him where thou art."

"I's obliged to you, mast'r Urire, from de lowest depft's of my pore heart, said "My name is not you nor I ah, but de lowest depft's of my pore heart, said Uriah," said his friend, smiling at Tip's Tip, "and you can say to mast'r Lawrence dat I is as happy yer as I b'lieve I can be anywhars 'ceptin' at White Oak, kase I's kindly treated; and you kin give my love to ole mast'r and de boys, and to mast'r Clarence and missus Jennie, and my best 'spects to all de folks down in dat quarter." Finally, Tip became heartily sick of "free-dom," and pined for his old master and the "boys" at White Oak Farm. The Quaker

"I's obliged—a thousand times obliged to you, for de privilege, Massa Sneckum—I is so," said Tip; "for I's mighty forgitful when I tries to laru new ways."

"Let that pass, Timothy. I understand thee to say that thee has never known a single case in which any one of the hundred slaves held in bondage by the former friend was mal-treated," said Uriah.

"Dat's true as Dr. Haddam's preaching," replied Tip. cilla on de oder, and let Tip jes tend to de sausages and buckwheat cakes, and do'nt 'sturb him till he hollers, mast'r Sueckum, take dat plate away, and fetch me some roast turkey and yorsters. Good timel ya! dat's so! Now, mast'r, I tell you de trute, if was to see a cullud man, behavin' dat way to you, I'd jes but him right over, I would so. Sich nat'ral rights won't do nohow!" "Timothy, thou art set in thy ways, and there is too much drollery about thee," said

"Now I'se serus massa. De fac am dis yer. De Lor' never meant dat all people was to have 'quality in every respec.' If you couldn't get a soul of 'em to leave dey had, dar could be no masters and no Massa Lawrence; dey would a most die afore dey'd do it," said Tip.

"Why then didst theu leave him?" inquired Uriah.

"Why the didst theu leave him?" inquired Uriah. as I has seen about Baker street and dat neighborhood. Some of dem dar I doesn't admire, now I tell you so. Dev's too poor Tip "But why not stay with us, Timothy? We will treat thee well," said Uriah.

"You has treated me well, and I'll allers 'member it, and Tip will never forgit you and mistis; but, Mast'r Sneckum, I wants is ap I'se guine to make my way back to go frough de woods again, and climb the de ole plantation, if de Lord spares life and ole trees once mo'; and to set down on the ole trees once mo'; and to set down on the silt or my cabin wid Jim, and be jes' as I've ben, and whar I've ben since I was no higher nor dat chair. I's home sick for ole

Virginny! Dat's so." It was of no use, and Uriah submitted in

A young miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense if the fact should become public, dismissed him when about half way. enjoining his secrecy. "Don't be afraid, said he, "of my saying anything about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."

"Pray, Mr. Hume," said Lady Wallace to the philosopher, "when I am asked what gits back what you thinks ob Miss Jeannie; madame," replied he, "what I believe to be dat is, she used to be Miss Jeannie, but now the truth, that you have not yet come to

din von Sontay, ve a liddle so petter go burl fishiu'. So Saturday nite, Shacob gets burl fishiu'. So Saturday nite, Shacob gets on te olt proun mare unt goes town to Chefferson and pies a chug of "laker," pipes unt dobacker. Early next morning, shust so a liddle pefore te sun show himself apove the horizontal, ve lashed te pier unt dings to te olt mare's pack, unt me pefore unt Shacob pehint, started ver "Doby's krik." Ven ve got dere and hight te mare, we setted town unt belted a "gett mare ha!" here Ven ve got dere and hight to mare, we setted toun, unt holted a "gort marshul" how we ought to pegin. Ye tidu't know much apout it, but t'ot we couldn't pe much out of te vay in dakin' a goot trink of laker. Den, after ve setted and setted und drinked a vile, I says to Shacob, "vile I trinks aledle more pier, you tive toun and see if you see anydings," So Shacob dakes of his bandaloons unt dings, vet his hips wit a liddle lacer unt toun he vant, wit his het virst. lager, unt toun he vent, wit his het virst. He sinked shust so burty as a pullviog, on-ly apout a foot of his feets kept strickin' up te air, unt "pobbin arount" shust so like musketers vos a piten dem. I dinks dat vos all right de unt dakes a ledle more pier, unt vates bashuntly. But Shacob's feets kept kicken arount, unt now and den a pig pubble vould come up. I dinks he was dryin' do zay sometings, unt noin' beeples ughtn't do dalk unter to vater, I hollers to inacob "sthop your dalkin'—" but te pubbles kept coming. Den I gets mad mit Shacob, and ketches him by der legs do pull him out, veu I fluts he vos sticken fast-er as glue. I felt kind o' skeart, but my sence of mint tidn't forsake me; I dakes ip te shug but trinks wit all my might, den dook mine bocket handkershief unt dies arount his feets, unt den I died de oder ent do a bole unt bulled wit all de strength de lager had gife me. I badn't bulled more than seven or eight dimes pefore I felt him coming. Feeling encouraged by dis, I trinks anoder small horn, gifes one very trinks anoder small horn, gifes one very large bull, unt up he comes. "Dunner unt Blitzen!" his eyes, unt nose unt hair vos fuller of mud as I vos of lager. I laid him toun on te pank unt tashed vater in his face, unt rollt him over unt over; but Shacob tidn't say notings at dall. Den I vashed out his ears unt vispered "saurkraut" and "polony sassige," unt oder nice tings do him. But Shacob couldn't hear notings, so I gife him up for tead. I sets toun on te pank unt trinks a goot deal, and cries aliddle, ant den says to myself, "dis is a pat pissness—no burls. says to myself, "dis is a pat pissness-no burls, not much lager left, unt Shacob tead."
Feeling burty certain do, that if he had had dime do make his vill, Shacob would have left me his share of de lager, I dort I petter broceed to administer on de estate at vonce. But shust as I lifted de chug to trink, "sakred to his memory," I dort I saw him move a hiddle. Den I runs quick unt bours ome pier toun his throat, unt he opened his eyes right avay unt sot up. I hanted him te chug, and after he had triuked vot iddle dere vos left, he sait to me, in a voice rich I rekelmompert more as an hour, "vell,

unt all vile you vos at it. [Porter's Spirit.

Just in Time.

A young physician, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball relling. "boys" at White Oak Farm. The Quaker tried every means to induce him to stay. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and Upon one occasion Tip talks in this style:

"Mast'r Sneckum, you says we all free and equal by nat'ral rights. Very well, dat may be so. S'pose now, mast'r, you turns round and lets me be mast'r for a turns round and lets me be mast'r for a would begin to place confidence in his ability. struments-thinking if he could impress thus protected and prepared for war, is raisde way dey splaned dat to me in de Sunday school was dis: When de Lord says call no man mast'r he used de word mast'r same footin', you knows. Dar's no more same as head teacher. Miss Jeannie used to tell us de fust language in which de New Testament was written was Creek."

"Greek thee means, Timothy," said Urah.

"Of coas, Mast'r Sneekum, I doesn't understand any oder way of tellin' centing."

"We "corlied Utilet the tell us de says call speed and dat to place confidence in his ability. A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor golloped by his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail. The doctor saw the man deat thus loss and won every afternoon. Somethers and each parish sends up some thus loss and won every afternoon. Somethers and each parish sends up some thus loss and won every afternoon. Somethers and each parish sends up some thus loss and won every afternoon. Somethers and each parish sends up some thus loss and won every afternoon. Somethers and each parish sends up some thus loss and won every afternoon. he thought it advisable to turn down a narcouraged, as another road lay a short distance shead of him, down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could afford any pretext for stopping. In the mean time his saddle-bags were with him, and he was otherwise equipped for business, so that he could not return in the face of his neighbor without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him further from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and tower. Still the sound of horses' hoofs was thun-dering in his ear, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow. and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied, and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the physician tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said, 'how lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time? The wondering spectator was silent with awe, and after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering villagers, as secured to the young physician a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to pro-

The forthcoming Patent Office Report (agricultural) will, says the Union, be the best that has yet been published, will be embellished with fine colored plates—one of the pair of beautiful Arden horses, a Southdown sheep, and Peabody's new hautbois strawberry, the fruit of which exceeds a hen's egg in size, and has been prodesigns were drawn from nature, under the direction of Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution. All the descriptions, are made from actual experience and obser- available.

in again. Neither of them were injured.

splendid monument of American genius is to be of cast-iron and glass, 124 feet in di-ameter at its columnar base, and rising above the main building to a height of over 200 feet, the apex consisting of a magnifi-cent lantern 17 feet in diameter and 52 feet igh, surmounted by a bronze statue of the cenius of Liberty 16 1-2 feet in height.

The foundation of the dome is to be the ircular wall of the rotunda, carried up 24 feet above its interior cornice, and surroundan octagonal entablature and balcony. ircular wall are to rise a double row of collow east fron columns to the height of 27 feet. This colonade is to be crowned by an entablature of 7 feet. Above that a peastrade, with fancy attic, 44 feet high, and ontracting from 108 to 65 feet in diameter. Then the cap of the dome, semi-clipsoidal, and 57 feet in height, with ornamental winows at its base. This is to be surmounted by the lantern and statue of Liberty. The fome is to be simply a continuation of the rotunda. Above the cornice of the rotunda, on the interior of the foundation wall of the dome, will appear a continuous belt of sculpture 300 feet in length, representing the history of America. The dome is to be ascended by spiral stairs between its outer and inner shell, or its roof and ceiling. There will occur frequent landings or balconies, affording both external and internal views. The present state of the work on this structure is the fitting of the cast-iron brackets n the foundation for the reception of the ast-iron columns .- Union.

Kree Flying in HAVANA.-Kites! kites! kites! Why the omnibus load of kites which the Minstrels gave away to the boys of New York, recently, was not a circumstance to the number one sees in one street here, of a bright afternoon. Every house top—and the house tops in these latitudes are flat and broad, pleasant lounging places, proder Hans, vy tidn't youswallow the chug when the sun begins to say "good night" are filled with men and boys, grey heads and bald heads, young men and children, all flying kites. The strife between these "high flyers" is so great, that they have resorted to a singular and ingenious contrivance to carry on their kite war above. In the tail of the kite, at a certain distance, is placed a two edged knife, extending cross wise about an inch and a half each side. This secured with strong twine, the kite ed with a dexterity unknown to us, and following at his heels, but did not, at first two parishes and each parish sends up some evince any uneasiness. At length, however, half dozen kites, then the sums are immense. The police have recently interfered row lane. The pursuer followed on like and forbidden this zerial gambling. Any an evil genius; but the doctor was not disperson now found flying an armed kite, is arrested and fined heavily. Yet many must escape the vigilant eye of the police, for but a few days since a kite thus prepared fell into the yard of this house, a victim of the war.-N. Y. Express.

> MARKET RHAPSODY.—The piquant Fany Fern visited Philadelphia city lately, and went to see the markets. They nearly overcame her, and she writes in a perfect

gush of gastronomic feeling:
"Ye gods! what butter! Shall I ever gain swallow the abominable concoction called butter in New York? That I-Fanny Fern-should have lived to this time. and never known the bliss of tasting Philadelphia butter! never seen those golden pounds, each separately folded in its fresh, golden leaf, reposing so temptingly and crying, eat me, so eloquently, from the snow white tubs? What have the Philadelphians done that they should be fed on such crisp vegetables, such fresh fruits, and such camy ice-ereamsf That their fish should ome dripping to their mouths from their native element? That their meat should wait to be carried home, instead of crawling by itself? Why should the most circumscribed and frugal of housekeepers, who goes with her snowy basket to buy her husband's dinner, be able to daintify his table with a fragrant sixpenny bouquet! Why should the peas and cauli-flowers, and asparagus and lettuce — Great Cæsar —what have the Philadelphians done that they should wallow in such high stepping

of New York. The writer says: A furnace, on the new plan, costing \$1, 500 has now been several weeks in operation within fifty miles of this city, turning out daily two tons of pure iron, in blooms, worth \$50 per ton, at a cost of \$20 per ton. Large capitalists, dealers in iron, are beginning to "smell a rat," and this very day a contract has been completed with a large iron house here, to put up two large furnanounced to be of most excellent flavor.

There will also be about fifty plates of beasts and birds injurious or beneficial to agriculture. These latter are wood-cuts. The in a day. It is a revolution indeed. The patentee heartily acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. William Turner, of this city, in explanations, &c. of these beasts and birds aiding to make his patent effective and

this particular? It unquestionably does.
Lime being thus suddenly deprived of its
purity goes steadily to regain its supply
which is again converted into use by plants and thus continues as long as an uninter-

When we analyze our grain crops we find lime an indispensable article in their composition—they do not mature without t. Man needs this substance for the derelopment of his bones—in bones and grain it exists in a phosphate. We do not con-demn special manures, but when we con-sider the great influence the vegetable kingdom possesses in the conversation of elementary substances into digestible food or their wants, we almost feel disposed to be incredulous on the subject. Nature has strange ways of its own. The Datura Stra-moni culls its dreadly drug from the same soil that the rose would fill our olfactories with rarest of perfumes or furnish our tables with the daintest morsel to allay our hunger. Each genus seems to have its own road to travel, and changes constituents to its own liking and adaptation, we do not mean by this that lime would be formed from silica, or potash from alumua, but we are disposed to the opinion that where lime or silica or potash is present the plant changes it to suit its adaptation for its civil wants in that particular.
We have always considered fresh burnt

calcined) lime as best adapted to agricultural purposes. In this contrution it is sparingly soluble in water and enters into combination with the sod more thoroughly, neutralizing acidity and furnishing a great-er scope for the rootlets of plants to feed

Plaster to grass crops is said to be more fficient, but we do not see the philosophy of this. It is however, more permanent from its insolubility as a sulphate, and would render good service to succeeding

ould always have topical application no natter in what form it may be applied. This gas is generated by the decay of vege-table matter and renders it always suscep-tible to the wants of vegation when ever moisture is present. When plowed into the soil too deep it goes beyond the reach of the roots and to be of no service to the growing crops. This illustration is plainly provided by the stalactities in caverus, and he petrifying of wood and human bodies in certain lime districts where exposed to these

If the views given above be correct; our A Loven's Pleading.—"When I recall lands should be limed. Lime, indeed, must the stories of my friends," he passionately orm the basts of all permanent improve ment. Our agriculturists should look seriously into this matter; and to encourage the use of lime, the managers of our railroads ought immediately to resolve to transport it nearly freight free and publish the fact for the information of the public.

MAKING A BALKY HORSE DRAW .- Horses

know nothing about balking until they are

brought into it by improper management; and when a horse balks in harness, it is

want to start a team that you are not dri-

ving yourself, that has been balked, fooled,

[Arator.

generally from some mismanagement, ex-citement, confusion, or from not knowing how to pull, but seldom from any unwil lingness to perform his duty. High spirited, free going horses, are the most subject to balking, and only so because drivers de not properly understand how to manage. This kind of free horse in a team, may be

so anxious to go, that when he hears the word he will start with a jump, which will not start the load, but give him such a severe jerk in the shoulders, that he will fly back and stop the other horse; the teamster will continue his driving without cessation, and by the time he has the slow horse started again, he will find that the free horse has made another lunge, and again flew back, and now he has them both badly balked, and so confused, that neither of them knows what is the matter, or how to start the load. Next will come the slashing and cracking of the drivers whip, till something is broken, or he is through with this course of treatment. It takes a steady pressure against the collar to move a load, and you cannot expect him to act with a whipping them.
Almost any team, when first balked, will the matter, and then speak kindly to them and turn them a little to the right or left, so as to get them both in motion before

WROUGHT IRON DIRECT FROM THE ORE. -A New York correspondent of the Richnond Enquirer announces the success of the process patented by M. S. Salter, Esq.

Descriptive of the ruins of Heroulaneum, had the poetry of her lungination sadly put out by the every day reflective of a horrid male by making slay lighter and more friends.

"On the wall of the chamber we saw the same seen that I have described as engraven on one of the gems that was found at Pompeii—Venns and Outid, fishing. On another was a very beautiful design: The departure of Theseus, whose ship is soon about to sail, while Outid who stands be sides Ariadne, is beekoning him to return and Ariadne sits, with her finger to her lip, in an attitude of the most intense anxiety, in an attitude of the most intense anxiety of most of the condition of the soil, while the most intense anxiety in an attitude of the most intense anxiety in an attitude of the most intense anxiety of the sory, when a young American beside me, in the spirit of mischief, remarks. Vegetable substances thus suddeally change and of the story, when a young American beside me, in the spirit of mischief, remarks. Vegetable substances thus suddeally change and the story, when a young American beside me, in the spirit of mischief, remarks.

"The leaves of plants have genetic a reservoir for a laugh or feel provoked."

"The New Dorse of the Captrot.—This splendid monument of American genius is this particular! It unquestionably does."

tivator. A jolly doctor of this city, told us the other day that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered from their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to to lose them.

It has been said that grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled; and it is generally well thrashed to render it fit for use.

A sick glutton sent for the doctor. have lost my appetite," said he, in great alarm. "All the better," said the doctor; "you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

"you'll be sure to die if you recover it."

The late Commodore Stevens, once published the following advertisement: "For sale—The bay gelding Powhattan. He was sired by his father, and danned by the man who last owned him. He is true in all kinds of harness, providing it don't make him vicious. Terms, whatever he'll bring. Parties applying latest will get the greatest bargain." arcain.

bargain."

The other day, while coming down Broadway, we noticed a large party of workmen engaged in raising an entire building, in which was a jeweler's shop, by means of immense screws placed under the floor timbers. We didn't say anything to the police, at the time, but it struck us as being the heaviest operation at shop lifting that we had heard of for some time.

"How old are you, Bridget?" said a gen-tleman to his servant girl. "About fifty, sir," replied Bridget. "You are mistaken, sir," replied Bridget. "You are mistaken, Bridget, you are not over twenty." "Yes, sir, that is it. I'm about twenty or fifty, somewhere along there." This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old gray-beaded negro in South Carolina: "How old are you, Pete?" said a gentleman to him one day. "I dunna, Massa, I feels berry old; 'spect I'se about five or six hundred."

"Well, Doctor," said a chap, suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick. though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for one min-ute's work! One dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down t'our place draws! a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work -and he charge ed me only twenty five cents. A dollar for a minute's work! O, git outly ou must be

dies. One loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was poor—she was rich. Parents and relations despised him, and (wo hearts were broken. Why? Because it was thought a misfortune that a lady's dress should be made from the wool of a plant in America rather than from the fibres of a worm in China. Another loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was a Protestant-she was a Cathofic. Mothers and priests disagreed, and two hearts were broken. Why? Because, three centuries before, Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Henry the the Eighth, played a politi-cal game at chess. A third loved a maiden, and was loved in return; but he was noble -she was a plebian. The sisters were jeal-cus, and two hearts were broken. Why! Because, a hundred years ago, a soldier slew another who was threatening a king's life in battle. He was rewarded with titles and honors, and his great grandson atones, with a blighted life, for the blood which was then shed by him. Each hour, says the collector of statistict, some heart in broken; and I believe it."

[Fraser's Mayazine.

Gov. MAROY'S LAST HOURS .- It was in social and domestic life that Mr. Marcy appeared in his most inviting aspect. He loved his family, his children, his friends, and was never so hyppy as, when away from the burden of official cares, he could freely enter into the pleasures which their presence afforded.

enter into the pleasures which their presence afforded.

Hence, during the last few weeks of his life, when he had a werld-wide and honorable reputation, when his circumstances were such as to allow him to rest upon the honors which he had acquired, he was in his happiest condition. His old books and his old friends were his constant solace, and when he stopped at the antique, shaded hotel at Ballston, where he died, it was noticed how he would take his chair out under the wide-spreading elms and entertain his landlord with the plain, old fashioned people who gathered about him delighted with the pleasant stories which be had told, and the philosophic humor, and shrewdness, and sound steady determined purpose while you are start kindly, if you let them stand five or ten minutes, as though there was nothing the pleasant stories which he had told, and the philosophic humor, and shrewdness, and sound feeling which twinkled in his keen bright eye. At other times he would return to his room, as his custom was, and taking up some favorite old author, (he rarely read modern liferature,) Milton, Shakspeare, Hervey, among the poets; South, Barrow or Robert Hall, among divines; his French edition of Machiavet, (a favorite work, by the way, with Senator Seward,) or Bacon, among philosophic writings, and would read until he fell asleep. And this, indeed, was the way in which he fell asleep on the noon of Independence day. He had retired to his chamber, put his boots in the usual corner, put on his dressing gown, lying down with Knight's edition of Bacon's Essays—a small red quarto volume, with illustrations. When he was found, he was still on his bed, his eyes were quietly closed, they feel the pinch of the load. But if you and whipped for some time, go to them and hang the lines on their hames, or fasten them to the wagon, so that they will be perfectly loose; make driver and spectators stand off some distance, so as not to attract the attention of the horses, and unloose the check-reins, so that they can get their heads down, if they choose; let them stand a few minutes in this condition, till you can see they are a little composed. When you have them ready to start, stand before them, and as you seldom have but one balky horse in a team, get as near in front of him as you can, and if he is too fast for the other horse, let his nose come against your breast; this will keep him steady, for he will go slow rather than run on you. Turn them gently to the right, without letting them pull on their traces, as far as the tongue will let them go, stop them with a kind word, gentle them a little, and turn back to the left by the same process; as you turn them again to the right, steady them down, if they choose; let them stand a few

The tobacco chewer is said to be like a good doth avert the delours of death, but above all turn them again to the right, steady them in the collar, and you can take them where you please.

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May 7

Rogers' Liverworth & Tar R THE COMPLETE CURE OF COUCHS, COLDS.

INFLUENZA, ASTÍMA, BRONCHITIS, SPIT-TING OF BLOOD, & ALL OTHER LUNG COM-PLAINTS TENDING TO CONSUMPTION.

This preparation is getting into use all over next country. The numerous letters we receive from our various agents, informing us of cures effected in their immediate neighborhoods, warrant us in saying it is one of the best, if not the sery best, Cough Medicine now before the public. It almost invariably relieves, and not unfrequently cures the very worst cases. When all other Cough preparations have failed, this has relieved the patient, as Druggists, dealers in Medicines, and Physicians, can testify. Ask the Agent in your nearest town, what has been his experience of the effects of this medicine. If he has been selling it for any length of time he will tell you

medicine. It he has been selling it for any length of time he will tell you
IT IS THE BEST MEDICINE EYTANT.
Below we give a few extracts from letters we have received lately regarding the virtues of this

medicine.
Dr. S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: I have

Dr. S. S. Oslin, of Knoxville, Ga., says: I have been using your Liverwort and Tar very extensively in my practice for three years past, and, it is with pleasure I state my belief in the Sure, rively in my practice for three years past, and, it is with pleasure I state my belief in the Sure, rively oven all other articles with which I am acquainted, for which it is recommended?

Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C. say: "The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we think instry so. All who have tried it speak in commended!"

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Messrs. Fitzgerald & Benners, writing from Waynesville, N. C., say: The Liverwort and Tar is becoming daily more popular in this Country, and we triink its recommended."

Our Agent in Commendable terms of it, and say it is very beneficial in alleviating the complaints for which it is recommended."

Our Agent in Pickens District, S. C., Mr. S. R. McFall, assures us "that he uses it with great benefit in his own family, and recommends it to his neighbors." He gives an instance of a Negro woman, in his vicinity, who had been suffering with disease of the Lungs for years, attended with set were cough, who was relieved by the Liverwor and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Midicing from all narts of the Sant.

and Tar.

Such are the good reports we hear of this Midicine from all parts of the South. For a report of the surprising cures it has performed in the Western and Northern and Eastern States, we would invite the suffering patient to read the pamphles which accompanies each bottle. To all we say, have hope, have hope!

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